Qu. And quicke *Berowne* hath plighted faith to me.
Kat. And *Longauill* was for my seruice borne.
Mar. *Dumaine* is mine as sure as barke on tree.
Boyet. Madam, and pretty Mistresses giue eare,
Immediately they will againe be heere
In their owne shapes: for it can neuer be,
They will digest this harsh indignitie.
Qu. Will they returne?
Boy. They will, they will, God knowes,
And leape for ioy, though they are lame with blowes;
Therefore change Fauours, and when they repaire,
Blow like sweet Roses in this summer aire,
Qu. How blow? how blow? Speake to be vnderstood.
Boy. Faire Ladies maskt, are Roses in their bud:
Dismaskt, their damaske sweet commixture showne,
Are Angels vailing clouds, or Roses blowne.
Qu. Auant perplexitie; What shall we do,
If they returne in their owne shapes to wo?
Rosa. Good Madam, if by me you'l be aduis'd,
Let's mocke them still as well knowne as disguis'd:
Let vs complaine to them what fooles were heere,
Disguis'd like Muscouites in shapelesse geare:
And wonder what they were, and to what end
Their shallow showes, and prologue vildely pen'd:
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our Tent to vs.
Boyet. Ladies, with draw: the gallants are at hand.
Quee. Whip to our Tents, as Roes runne ore Land.

Exeunt.

Enter the King and the rest.

King. Faire sir, God saue you. Wher's the Princesse?
Boy. Gone to her tent.
Please it your Maiestie command me any seruice to her,
King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word,
Boy. I will and so will she, I know my Lord. *Exit.*
Ber. This fellow pickes vp wit, as Pigeons pease,
And vtters it againe, when *Ioue* doth please.
He is Wits Pedler, and retailes his Wares,

At Wakes, and Wassels, Meetings, Markets, Faires:
And we that sell by grosse, the Lord doth know,
Haue not the grace to grace it with such show.
This Gallant pins the Wenches on his sleeue.
Had he bin *Adam*, he had tempted *Eue*.
He can carue too, and lisp: Why this is he.
That kist away his hand in courtesie.
This is the Ape of forme, Mounsier the nice.
That when he playes at Tables, chides the Dice
In honourable tearmes, nay he can sing
A meane most meanly, and in Vshering
Mend him who can: the Ladies call him sweet.
The staires as he treads on them kisse his feete.
This is the flower that smiles on euery one,
To shew his teeth as white as Whales bone.
And consciences that will not die in debt,
Pay him the duty of honie-tongued *Boyet*.
King. A blister on his sweet tongue with my hart,
That put *Armathoes* Page out of his part.

Enter the Ladies.

Ber. See where it comes. Behauiour what wer't thou
Till this madman shew'd thee? And what art thou now?
King. All haile sweet Madame, and faire time of day.
Qu. Faire in all Haile is foule, as I conceiue.
King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.
Qu. Then wish me better, I will giue leaue.
King. We came to visit you and purpose now
To leade you to our Court, vouchsafe it then.
Qu. This field shall hold me, and so hold your vow,
Nor God, nor I, delights in periur'd men.
King. Rebuke me not for that which you prouoke:
The vertue of your eye must breake my oath.
Qu. You nickname vertue: vice you should haue spo
For vertues office neuer breakes men troth.
Now by my maiden honour, yet as pure
As the vnsallied Lilly, I protest,
A world of torments though I should endure,
I would not yeeld to be your houses guest: